

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori,
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. II.

MAY, 1914.

No. 5

Our Lady of The May

I wandered alone in the valley
Where the April rains were chill,
And I mingled my sighs of sadness
With the plaintive cry of the rill,
Groping along through the shadows,
With many a slip and fall,
My heart-throbs seemed but echoes
To the night-bird's lonely call.

I saw how the last faint glimmer
Of the twilight flickered out,
As I struggled on in the darkness
Where never a star shone out.
Over the hills to the Eastward
I labored at break of day,
And lying amid the daisies
I slept on the lap of May.

And now I know that the valley
Is the dreary valley of sin
Where I stumbled along in darkness,
And bitter my heart within;
Till over the hills to the Eastward
I caught that golden ray
And I sobbed me to sleep on the bosom
Of our Lady of the May.

I wept when I saw the daisies
With their petals so pure and white,
For I knew that my soul was ugly
With the grime of the sinful night.
But a loving hand detained me,
As I sadly turned away,
And I sobbed me to sleep on the bosom
Of our Lady of the May.

—ANDREW F. BROWNE, C. Ss. R.

SUPERNATURAL FAITH

Faith is not the understanding of a thing, but a firm assent to its truth. Supernatural faith imparts supernatural knowledge and certainty to our mind. It is not founded on reason, but is far above it, for it is based on the revelation of God who is omniscient and infallible. Since we find inexplicable mysteries even in the nature that surrounds us, we need not wonder that the supernatural regions of faith abound in mysteries still more obscure and impenetrable. Though these mysteries, such as the mystery of the Blessed Trinity, may appear to be contrary to reason, they are not and cannot be really so, but they are inaccessible to our reason's very limited capacity. They are necessarily true, because they are revealed by God, who is the Infallible Truth and the Author of our reason. And since God cannot contradict Himself, the truths of revelation do not and cannot contradict the truths of reason, although they are infinitely above it. Therefore, as soon as satisfactory evidence is produced that God has made a revelation to mankind, every one who is aware of this evidence is bound in conscience to accept and believe the revelation, and no one may reasonably or lawfully doubt its truth.

Protestants, *as such*, neither do nor can possess real supernatural faith concerning any doctrine whatever, for it is not in their power to produce satisfactory evidence that God has revealed it. Let us bear in mind that supernatural faith does not consist in the bold and persistent assertion that a certain doctrine is contained in the Bible, and that the Bible is God's holy and infallible word. Before we can be infallibly certain, as faith requires us to be, that the Bible is the word of God, we must first have infallible evidence or authority that we possess the genuine Bible, that the Bible contains the whole of God's word or revelation, and that we understand the Bible *in the very same sense in which God Himself understands it*. If we attach any other meaning to God's word, it is no longer God's infallible word, but only the infallible and changeable word of a fallible man, and is, therefore, no longer truth, but falsehood and error.

In matters of faith, that is, in matters concerning divine revelation, human authority, human views, human theories, human opinions and mere human reason, or private judgment, are utterly worthless, and cannot produce the certainty or truth of faith, but only ever-changing

opinions, doubt, and error. The sectarian mind is, accordingly, never at rest, but, as St. Paul says, it is constantly "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, ever learning and never attaining to the knowledge of truth" (Eph. 4, 11 and 2 Tim. 3, 7). The sectarian, therefore, being destitute of infallible certainty in his religious convictions, cannot lay claim to real supernatural faith, but only to mere human and changeable opinions.

But the Catholic can make a genuine supernatural act of faith, because his faith rests on the infallible teaching and authority of the infallible Church of Jesus Christ, for to her alone our divine Saviour imparted the infallible authority to preach to mankind His divine revelation.

Jesus Christ promised to build His Church on Peter, when He said to him: "Thou art Peter (that is, a rock), and on this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, shall be loosed in heaven" (Mat. 16, 18-19). When the proper time had come, Jesus Christ kept this grand and magnificent promise, for shortly before ascending into heaven, He actually installed St. Peter as His successor in the government of His Church, for He, the Good Shepherd, entrusted His whole flock to Peter's pastoral care with these memorable words: "Feed My lambs; feed My lambs; feed My sheep" (John Ch. 21). From that moment St. Peter became the actual pastor of Christ's whole flock, and, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, actually exercised all the power of this supereminent office.

Our divine Saviour intended that all the powers He conferred on His Church for the salvation of mankind, should be used only under St. Peter's direction and authority, because, as Jesus Himself had prayed, St. Peter was never to stray away from the faith, but was destined constantly to confirm his brethren therein. "I have prayed for thee," Christ said to him, "that thy faith fail not; and thou, being converted, confirm thy brethren" (Luke 22, 32). The history of the Catholic Church has clearly proved the efficacy of Christ's prayer for St. Peter and his successors, for none of them has ever strayed from the faith, and all have confirmed their brethren in the faith.

Jesus, when He came upon earth, had received all power from His heavenly Father for the salvation of mankind. Before returning to

heaven, He imparted the same divine power to His apostles, when He commissioned them to preach to all nations the very same doctrines He had taught them, and promised to His Church infallibility and indestructibility, and, at the same time, imposed on all men, under pain of eternal condemnation, the obligation to become her faithful and docile members. Here are His very words, collected from the four Evangelists: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. As My Father hath sent Me, I also send you. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them; teaching them to observe whatever I have commanded you. He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be condemned. Whatsoever you shall bind upon earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth, shall be loosed in heaven. Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world. I will send you the Holy Ghost; He will teach you all things, and will abide with you forever. He that heareth you, heareth Me; he that despiseth you, despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me. He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican."

Such was the mission, such were the powers of the apostles. To prove their divine mission and the truth of their preaching, they wrought miracles so evident, that even their most bitter enemies could neither doubt nor deny them. Therefore the Church holds on earth the place of Jesus Christ, and continues His work, the redemption of mankind; she is duly commissioned to teach in all ages the doctrines of Christ, and to frame and execute laws requisite for the fulfilment of her divine mission; moreover, being guided by the Holy Ghost and protected by Christ Himself, she cannot err or be destroyed, and all men are bound, under pain of eternal damnation, to accept her teaching and to submit to her laws.

Supernatural faith, therefore, is to be found only in the Church of Christ, governed by St. Peter, because she alone is divinely commissioned to impart to all men, until the end of the world, the whole of divine revelation, and because she alone is infallible and indestructible. Submission to her infallible teaching produces the infallible certainty required by supernatural faith. In believing her doctrines we cannot possibly err, for the infallible God obliges us, under pain of eternal reprobation, to accept them.

FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. Ss. R.

AND HE WAS SUBJECT TO THEM

"Honor thy father and thy mother, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee." And Moses was in earnest about it when he framed the law, because he also added the warning: "If a man have a stubborn and unruly son, who will not hear the commandments of his father or mother, and, being corrected, slighteth obedience, they shall take him and bring him to the ancients of his city, and to the gate of judgment and shall say to them: 'This our son is rebellious and stubborn, he slighteth hearing our admonitions, he giveth himself to reveling and to debauchery and banquetings.' The people of the city shall stone him; and he shall die, that you may take away the evil out of the midst of you, and all Israel hearing it may be afraid." The example of Isaac was held up to them as their model, for he obeyed even when obedience required his death. Let us see what obedience might be required of a boy of Nazareth.

Homework. Mothers had more work and harder work than now-a-days. For example, they had to supply all the water for household purposes. They needed water for drinking, cooking, and all the many ablutions which the law prescribed. Not every home had its own well or cistern. So the mother must go to the town well twice a day, morning and evening, with a heavy earthen jar poised on her head or shoulder. And she is lucky if the hot summer does not dry up the water of the town well and make her take a longer road elsewhere. This is wearisome enough.

Then there is the fuel for the fire which she needs for baking in summer and for warmth in winter. Coal and coke are out of the question. Wood is very rare. So she must go out into the fields and gather the dried weeds, pull up the rankling thorns, and chop them into short pieces, and, when this fails, she must even take animal manure. Such fuel will not blaze into a bright and cheerful flame; on the contrary it might fill the whole room with sickening smoke. Still it suffices to bake the thin loaves of bread and cook the coffee.

Bake her bread—that sounds simple enough. But she must first grind the wheat. The mill is a rude mechanism consisting of two stones about 18 inches in diameter, one revolving upon the other. But the mother must drive them around. So she squats upon the ground, or kneels there, hours at a time. Often she must attend to this early in the morning. Poor mother, she has work enough already! Add to

this that she must also provide the clothing of her husband and child and weave their tunics and mantles. Then too there was the weekly washing of linen and clothing to be attended to, and she must carry all her wash to some creek or to the common washingplace at the well. All this must consume a great deal of her time.

She could not expect much assistance from servant maids, for girls marry at an early age and then must shift for themselves. The others will find a position in the cities, working for richer families. So the only help of the mother was her child.

Workshop. According to the Talmud every man should have a trade and the father must train his son to it. And Rabbi Juda insisted, "the man who will not teach his son an honorable trade, only teaches him to steal." The obligation was almost sacred, for the Talmud puts these three points on a par, "The father must circumcise his son, teach him the law, and train him to some trade." Of course the Talmud also dissuades them from embracing several of the more arduous occupations such as that of the ass-driver or camel-driver or boatmen. So we meet with most distinguished Rabbis as Hillel and Aqiba who were woodcutters. Rabbi Johanan was a mason, Rabbi Isaac Nanacha was a blacksmith. In Palestine the vast majority of the inhabitants are engaged in field work. Besides, they are generally pretty poor and so they try to dispense with the help of craftsmen, doing all they can for themselves. Thus there remains little for the carpenter to do, the homes are so poor and the furniture is scanty. The houses usually consist of four mud walls or stone walls, with a roof supported by thin rafters. The roof itself is made of mud and twigs and rolled afresh every winter. There is no wood-work to be done except the door-posts and perhaps a sort of cupboard or trunk in which the wife preserves her finery and her marriage trousseau. There are no tables, chairs, sofas, beds. A straw mat is spread in the center of the floor and takes the place of all furniture; for meals they set a bowl or two upon it; and for sleep they lay a rough pillow on it, using their cloaks as coverlet. So there was little opportunity for the carpenter. Modern travellers, however, assure us that they met with a greater number of them in Nazareth. The carpenters' craft is represented in the pictures of the Egyptians, many centuries before the time of Christ. We see how he must hew down the tree, then trim the wood to suit his purpose. In Solomon's day the hewer of wood was distinguished from the real carpenter. He was in requisition for temples

and palaces, and the homes of the rich. Nevertheless, his work was considered one of the most wearisome as we see by the estimate of the ancient Egyptians: "the carpenter may not appear to exert himself as much as he that handles the hoe; and yet his field is the wood and upon this he must work even when the day is over and the husbandman is at rest; even then he must work by lamp-light." A similar idea pervades Eccli, 38, 28. If we measure his occupations by reports of modern travellers we find that he produces chiefly ploughs, yokes, clothes-chests, and those few comforts which the better-classes can afford. The work-shop is often at some distance from the home. The tools are primitive in design. Besides, he uses no table for his work so as to be able to stand during the long hours of the day. All his work is done directly upon the ground, and so he must crouch, and stoop, and crawl around. He does not hold the pieces of wood in a vise, but long custom has made him so dexterous in the use of foot and toe that these serve to hold fast the piece upon which he is working. The wages received by an ordinary carpenter amount to about 50 or 60 cents a day. But as he and his family can subsist upon much less, his prospects for bettering his condition should seem hopeful enough. But Oriental conditions are not so favorable. Mr. Gatt reports that only landsharks, usurers, and influential tax-farmers succeed in getting rich. The taxes are enormous. They paralyze all desire of raising the value of the fields or orchards. Cases are on record, where farmers labored for months on their fields, and, when the harvest stood ripe, they would not reap, just because they could not meet the demands of the tax-collector. Others deliberately cut down their olive-trees to escape the tax levied upon the fruit. When roads or bridges are to be built all the inhabitants of the district are pressed into service. They must labor without any remuneration and all the time must furnish their own food and the fodder of their animals. The manner of enforcing payment is still more annoying. The Government determines the sum which every region must pay for ordinary or extraordinary taxes. This sum is then paid out in ready cash to the Government by some tax-farmer. This man now receives the right of raising the sum from the people. To effect this end, he obtains the assistance of a troop of mounted police and so the poor victims are at his mercy. The sum fixed by the Government is raised a little higher by every subaltern official, and the people must stand for all. Thus the poor artisan lives from hand to mouth and on meagre fare. No wonder, when the

Roman Emperor Domitian sought for the descendants of David, and they were brought to Rome, they could show their hands hardened with toil, and their poverty proved that they were not likely to pose as kings. These Jews were perhaps related to Our Lord.

All this for Nazarenes. Thus too the Holy Family may have toiled in the daily battle for bread. Every day brought its fresh round of work at home and in the shop. Then consider also the neighbors for whom they must have worked. An unkind employer embitters the work. And then strangers usually find it more difficult to procure employment and eke out a livelihood. Perhaps St. Joseph spent many a weary day here in Nazareth. This town is never named in the history of the Old Testament. Perhaps it originated, or at least became important, only in the years which immediately preceded the birth of Christ. At this time Herod the Great earned his first laurels in these regions during the wars against the Robbers. Remember how surprised Nathanael was at hearing that Christ came of Nazareth. "Can anything good come of Nazareth?" The Judeans of the South despised the Galileans on account of their crudity of speech and ignorance of the law. But Nathanael was also a Galilean, and his question shows that Nazareth enjoyed a bad reputation even among the Galileans. The Gospel narrative bears out his suspicion. When Our Lord appears in the Synagogue, they drive him from the town and threaten to cast him over the precipice. He abandons the town altogether and resides in Capharnaum. This is a terrible omen. It reminds us of the woes he pronounced against Chorozain and Bethsaida which had seen so much of Christ and still remained hardened against all his teachings. Even when Our Lord in his mercy returned to them a second time, they had the ill-grace to turn him away again. Then when Jesus came to die and his enemies gloated in their triumph and in his disgrace, they could find no term of greater infamy than to call him, "the Nazarene", and even on the cross he was called, "Jesus of Nazareth, the king of the Jews."

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

No ties of friendship here on earth, none stronger, sweeter can there be,
Than those expressed in grief or mirth in these brief words: friend
pray for me.

It is the sigh of troubled hearts, whate'er the source of grief may be;
When friend from friend in sorrow parts, he says, farewell, and pray
for me.

ROME AND THE MADONNA

"Roma e Maria" are names the Romans like to join. Obviously Rome's devotion to the Madonna is not of modern origin, but an ancient heirloom handed down to the present generations from their earliest Christian ancestors. Deep down in the subterranean cemeteries where the Christian Romans first buried their dead, and whither in the dark days of persecution they fled to offer the Sacred Mysteries—in those hallowed vaults they erected their shrines to Mary; 'tis there we find the first traces of devotion to the Madonna. Amid the numerous frescoes, those of Our Blessed Lady hold a prominent place. Indeed paintings of the scenes in which Mary figures, the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Magi, the Holy Family, and similar Gospel themes, clearly speak to us of the deep love of those early Roman Christians for the Mother of Christ.

One of these paintings, the treasure of St. Priscilla's catacomb, deserves our special attention. It is the first known representation of the Madonna and Child, and dates back to the year 200 or earlier. St. Priscilla's name is closely associated with that of St. Peter, to whom she is believed to have offered hospitality during his sojourn in the Imperial city. As this catacomb was at first her private cemetery, and probably one of the first to be devoted to Christian burial, the Madonna there preserved may well have been the fruit of St. Peter's own teaching and example.

St. Priscilla's, however, is not the only catacomb bearing witness to the early Christian's love of Mary. Another remarkable painting may be seen in St. Agnes'; indeed, wherever the frescoes are found, there are frequent references to the Madonna. It is evident, therefore, that from the beginning of their conversion, and especially amid the horrors of persecution, the Roman Christians eagerly pledged their fealty to the Mother of their Saviour, Jesus Christ. What a picture it must have been when a St. Agnes, a St. Emerentiana, a St. Cecilia, a St. Martina, and many another noble and beautiful Roman maiden, knelt before those subterranean shrines, and consecrated her virginity to the Virgin Mother's Son, begging the Queen of Martyrs to obtain her courage for the heroic sacrifice soon to be demanded of her! Surely Mary's example was the inspiration of this white-robed band of Virgin Martyrs, as their example in turn has been the inspiration of the young Roman maidens who inherited their faith!

With the close of the terrible persecution, and the declaration of liberty for the Church, sixteen centuries ago, devotion to the Madonna took on another and grander form. Among the churches which began to rise, those in honor of the Blessed Virgin were not the least imposing. Notable both for antiquity and splendor is St. Mary Major's. When built it was simply St. Mary's; but as one by one new temples arose to our Lady's honor, this one received the added title of Major or Greater. It is the Queen and Mistress of the Churches dedicated to the Madonna, almost the peer indeed of any of the Holy City's wondrous basilicas.

A venerable and pious tradition has it that the erection of this stately edifice was brought about by the direct intervention of Mary. About the year 352, under Pope Liberius, a pious Roman couple, who were anxious to dispose of their earthly goods in a manner according with Christian piety, fervently besought God's guidance and a knowledge of His Holy Will. On the night of August 5, the Blessed Virgin appeared and told them that a temple should be built in her honor on the spot where, next morning, new fallen snow would be found. The miraculous snow was discovered on the summit of the Esquiline hill; there the grandest basilica dedicated to Mary was erected. The feast of Our Lady of the Snow (Aug. 5) commemorates this event; every year during the High Mass on this feast showers of white rose-leaves are thrown down constantly through two holes in the vaulting, "like a leafy mist between the Priests and worshippers."

St. Mary Major's was but the first of a noble line of churches reared to the Madonna's honor. One after the other they arose, magnificent structures, richly adorned with rarest tints of marble and gorgeous frescoes in oil, each vying with the other in beauty, each bearing its significant title, each erected as an act of gratitude for some signal favor of the Mother of God. So numerous were these marks of Mary's special power that today no less than eighty churches stand as so many monuments to her generous bounty. It will be of interest to know that three of our American Cardinals have their titles from churches dedicated to Mary. Santa Maria in Trastevere (Across the Tiber) is Cardinal Gibbons' titular Church. Santa Maria sopra Minerva (Above the Temple of Minerva) belongs to Cardinal Farley, while Santa Maria in Ara Coeli (On the altar of Heaven) is the titular Church of Cardinal Falconio.

If temples, therefore, count for anything, these eighty Roman fanes show the unflagging devotion of its people and Popes to their beloved Madonna. But people who would do so much would do more. Not only the eighty churches dedicated to Mary, but practically every church in Rome—of which there are some four hundred—has its special shrine to the Madonna. By this is not meant a simple image, but some ancient, historic painting, before which the faithful have come for centuries to tell their Mother of their joys and sorrows, of their hopes and fears, of their failings and victories; before which the guilty have begged for pardon, the weak for strength, the good for perseverance; before which prodigals have wept on their return, and spotless souls with tears have sought protection; before which God's grace has been asked and countless miracles wrought. The thousands of votive offerings about Our Lady's shrines bear eloquent testimony to her powerful intercession.

Of these shrines St. Mary Major's possesses the most venerable and most popular—the most precious in the eyes of the Roman people. It is a painting of the Madonna, attributed by some to St. Luke, the Evangelist. Others claim it to be a copy of his work. At any rate it is very old and around it the Romans have gathered in humble supplication in all their special needs. Many a time, in war, in famine, in pestilence, in every dire distress, this picture has been borne in solemn procession through Rome's winding streets, followed by people, prince, and Pope, in penitential garb. Never did Mary fail to show herself the *Salus Populi Romani*, "the Salvation of the Roman People," the title by which the picture is now fondly known. It was fitting that around this venerable shrine the closing festivities of the Constantine Jubilee should have centered last December.

Another of Rome's miraculous shrines deserves mention in *The Liguorian*, the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Dating back several centuries and preserved by a special Providence, it is now honored in the Church of San Alfonso as one of Rome's most favorite images of the Madonna. Before it devout clients are ever kneeling; around it the daily swelling of votive offerings testifies to her unceasing intercession. Priests count it a privilege to say Holy Mass at her altar; and the newly-anointed eagerly seek the opportunity of offering their first sacrifice of the Unspotted Victim through her Immaculate hands. Among the latter our American students are particularly conspicuous.

The ardent devotion centering around many of the Madonna's

shrines has caused the Church to take formal cognizance of them. One hundred and twenty have thus been solemnly crowned as a token of love and gratitude to her, who has showered so many favors upon Church and people. To insure a continuance of Our Lady's favors some thirty of the most popular pictures have been set apart for special veneration, one being assigned to each day of the month. Thus the prayers of the faithful to their beloved Mother, for the welfare of Rome, and the good of the Church, go on without interruption throughout the year.

All these evidences of the Romans' love for the Madonna may well fill us with admiration; there are other proofs positively foreign to our American way of thinking and acting; proofs that are possible only in a Catholic country. With us, religious emblems are confined to our churches and homes; it is not so in Rome. Here faith is fearlessly proclaimed, the heroes and heroines of Christianity publicly honored. Among the monuments standing in every public square many have been erected to the honor of Rome's favorite Saints. None has a larger share in these outward marks of veneration than the Queen of Saints. In front of the Basilica of St. Mary Major's stands an immense Corinthian column taken from the ancient basilica of Constantine and crowned by a statue of the Madonna and Child looking down upon her majestic temple. To commemorate the definition of the Immaculate Conception as a dogma of faith, Pius IX raised a beautiful monument in the Piazza di Spagna, from which the spotless Virgin with down-cast eyes and cloudless brow, teaches a salutary lesson of modesty and purity to the crowds that hurry by.

Even more remarkable are the countless pictures and statues of the Madonna which adorn the outer walls of palaces and houses throughout the city. Even government buildings—the former property of the Pope—are not without these public shrines. At the crossings along the busy thoroughfares, in the dark and narrow ways, everywhere these images of the Madonna meet the gaze; and a pretty sight it is toward evening when the streets and alleys are dotted with lights burning before the shrines. Before the occupation of Rome by the French, this was the only city illumination at night. The number of these pictures and statues in public places together with the churches and public chapels dedicated to the Madonna is estimated at over fifteen hundred. Surely the Madonna rules the city!

This is more evident, when we note yet another striking charac-

teristic. Even amid the affairs of business the people cannot forget Mary. Go out to supply your daily needs, or to look over the wares offered for your inspection; go into the department-house or the florist's booth, into the confectioner's or the grocer's store; to the meat-market or the wine-stall; raise your eyes; they will be met by the gentle look of the Madonna, they will rest upon the soft light that burns before it to tell of faith and love.

After all these public signs of devotion to the Madonna, what may we not expect to find in the private dwellings! One little incident will illustrate how intimately Our Blessed Mother enters into the life of the devout Roman home. We called one day on two American gentlemen living in a modern well-regulated apartment. As we were being conducted through the various rooms, the cook, an Italian of the true type, was anxious we should inspect his department. We found it a model of neatness. The bright cooking utensils were arranged in orderly rows along the wall, the tables were covered with spotless marble, the range was highly polished, and the dinner merrily preparing. It was a kitchen that the most exacting housewife might well envy. After allowing us to compliment him on such order and cleanliness, the cook pointed upward. There on her modest throne above was the image of the Madonna, and the never-failing light burning softly before it. With unfeigned sincerity the servant gently remarked, "She helps me to cook." I need not add that we were highly edified. Such shrines to the Madonna will no doubt be found in every home of the city. For Rome is still a Catholic city in spite of the efforts of Protestants, Socialists, and atheists.

Have we said enough? Remains there more to be said? Ah, very much more! Visit the hundreds of shrines at any hour of the day, and behold the numbers of pious worshippers leaving the Madonna never alone; observe how they press their lips when possible to the sacred image, or throw their kisses from afar. Come to church at the Ave Maria, the hour of the evening Angelus, and hear the good folk say the Rosary; or sing our Lady's litany; or after the sermon in her honor send up their fervent "Viva Maria." Be present especially on Mary's feasts, to see the throngs, men, women and children, crown their love of Mary by receiving her Eucharistic Son. All these varied manifestations of the Romans' devotion to Mary are but the outward expression of an affection that is deep and sacred, of an affection that blends in the human heart all that is purest, noblest, best; that combines the

artless confidence of a child with the delicate attention of a lover. For every Roman looks upon Mary not only as his Mother, but as his Lady—"Madonna"!

F. J. ROMER, C. Ss. R.

Swift as the wings of the year sweep away,
We offer again and again,
To our beautiful Mother her beautiful May—
The queen of months to the Queen of men.

—M. E. Henry.

FATHER TIM CASEY

I never saw Father Casey really angry but once, and that was when some one insulted the Blessed Virgin. I will tell you how it happened. Jack Kilduff, who was travelling for a New York furniture house, had just finished a cigar and a chat with two liquor drummers, and the three came forward to the chair car. Jack took a seat by himself and sat with his hand in his pocket gazing unseeingly out the window. Only the keenest observer would have detected that his lips were continually moving. After some fifteen minutes he quietly tucked away the rosary which he had been reciting (that was the reason he had kept his hand in his pocket), and which he never failed to recite while travelling from one city to another. One of the liquor drummers happened to be looking that way at the time and caught sight of something in Kilduff's hand.

"Get onto the mess of black pills Jack Kilduff carries in his pocket. Say, Jack, what's the trouble? System out of order?"

"Those are not pills, you mutton head," said the other—one of those wisecracks whose reservoir of wisdom is constantly overflowing for the benefit of ordinary people's little founts. "When your doctor prescribes pills, does he make you take 'em strung on a chain like that? That's a charm Catholics use when they adore the Virgin. Hey, Jack, come out of the fog. A guy that can rake in orders for twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of furniture in a week ought to have enough 'grey matter' to cut out twelfth century idolatry."

Now Father Casey always tells us that it is worse than useless to argue religion on the train; but on this occasion he had slapped his

breviary shut, without marking the place, and was facing the liquor drummer before Kilduff had time to say a word.

"You have just said that Catholics practise idolatry towards the Blessed Virgin Mary. Are you aware that that statement is a gross insult to every Catholic within hearing?"

"Sorry it gets on your nerves, old man; but what I said is true."

"Prove it!" came sharp and quick as a pistol shot.

"Why, everybody knows it!"

"Everybody knows it;" echoed the Priest, and his lip curled sarcastically, "if that is what you liquor drummers call proving a statement, then I wouldn't care to buy any shares in the business you are travelling for. I don't think it will double its list of customers in a week."

The drummer felt that his theological lore was rather frayed at the ends. He cursed himself inwardly for not holding his tongue. But there was no retreating now; the nearby passengers had laid down their papers and were listening for his reply. He clenched his teeth and jumped in with a splash.

"Go into any Catholic church and you will see at a glance that they adore the Virgin; they always have her image on the altar!"

"I see you have the image of an elk on your coat lapel," said Father Casey, "does that mean that you adore the beast?"

"They burn lights and offer flowers to her!"

"When you come to die, even your wife's mother will put lights and flowers around your coffin. Happy man, your mother-in-law *adores* you!"

The drummer did not enjoy the laugh. He charged anew.

"When they get hold of a rag or a stick or a stone that she happened to touch, they think they have a treasure."

"Remember the Maine! Do you know what a rusty piece of iron from its hulk will sell for?"

"But they pray to her!" cried the drummer. He was now striking blindly. "And we should pray to no one but God."

"What do you mean by praying?" queried the Priest.

"Why I mean to—to say prayers—to—to ask for things."

"And you claim that we must not ask for things from any one but God!"

"No, that isn't what I mean. I mean—"

"Your whole trouble, my dear sir, is that you don't know what you do mean, and unfortunately you have not enough sense to keep quiet

until you find out. In the presence of these passengers you charged the Catholic Church with practising idolatry towards the Blessed Virgin Mary. The charge is false, and I defy you or any man to prove it! On the contrary, I can show you black on white, that, according to the universal law of the Catholic Church, any man that would practise idolatry towards the Blessed Virgin Mary or any other creature, would be guilty of heresy and would by that very fact be excommunicated—cut off from the Church.

"But though Catholics do not *adore* the Blessed Virgin, they *honor* her, which is quite another thing. Why do they honor her? Because they love Jesus, and she is the Mother of Jesus. If you profess to love me, and at the same time you turn your back upon my mother, I will count your declaration of love a lie. Do not say that Jesus, being God, is indifferent to the way we treat His Mother. He is the God that gave the command, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Will He act directly contrary to His own command—He who said, 'I have set you an example, that as I have done so you also may do?' You honor the mothers of great men; why not honor the Mother of your God? You honor the stable where Jesus was born; why not honor the Virgin that gave Him birth? It is one of the insoluble mysteries of human history that there should be so many fair-minded people who are sane on every other point yet have an insane fear of offending Jesus if they show the marks of common decency towards His Mother!"

"But," cried the drummer, who had been thinking hard and believed he saw an opening, "Catholics do more than honor the Blessed Virgin; they pray to her; they ask her to work miracles, to cure deadly wounds, to mend broken bones, and to do other things that only a God can do. Surely this is idolatry!!!"

"If they ask her to do these things by her own power it surely is idolatry; if they ask her to ask God to do them, it surely is not. But why do they not ask God directly themselves instead of taking a round-about way and asking the Blessed Virgin to ask Him? Because they are not extremists. All extremes are foolish. It is extreme and therefore foolish to speak always indirectly to God and never to dare to speak to Him directly as a child to its father. It is extreme and therefore foolish to speak always directly to Him and to have a holy horror of even breathing a prayer to His Mother as though it were high treason, like praying to the devil.

"Catholics pray at times to the Blessed Virgin because it is a deli-

cate compliment to Jesus to show this mark of veneration for His Mother.

"Catholics pray at times to the Blessed Virgin because God encourages us to do so. When he inspired the Evangelists to write His life, though they did not write one one-thousandth part of all the things He did, yet He took care that they should not omit the fact that He worked the first of His public miracles at Cana of Galilee in answer to Mary's prayer.

"Catholics pray at times to the Blessed Virgin because it brings a little of that variety into religion for which the human heart craves. The religion that has no variety in it will soon become stagnant, dull, monotonous, dead. Instead of the luxuriant vine from which all the members draw life-giving sap, it is a dry stock that puts forth but one sickly shoot once a year on the annual go-to-church Sunday.

"Catholics pray at times to the Blessed Virgin for the same reason that the boy who knows that he deserves the cowhide rather than an excursion, will send his 'angel sister' to get him permission to go fishing rather than ask for it himself."

"All that," cried the drummer, "is silly sentiment or middle-age superstition. God is the Father of all and the human heart needs no intercessor between itself and Him."

"How do you know what the human heart needs? Did you ever lift a poor wretch out of the mire of sin after he had broken his good resolutions for the hundredth time, put him on his feet, and bring him safe at last into his Father's house? The Catholic Priest is doing this every day of his life. Experience tells him that there are numberless sinners who, after falling back again and again into the most shameful sins, finally give way to despair. All the arguments in the world will not induce them to call once more upon the God whose mercy they have so repeatedly abused. But the very name of 'Mother' is so expressive of tenderness and pity, of forgiveness and forgetfulness of the misdeeds of wayward children, that, at the sound of that sweet name, they raise their despairing heads and whisper, 'Mother, pray to Jesus for us!' Here again experience tells the Priest that no one that calls on Mary for help, with true sorrow for his sins and a firm purpose of amendment, is ever left unheard. You may explain it as you wish, but the fact is there, and it is a fact of extreme importance to the sinful sons of Adam. No more crafty trick was ever excogitated by a crafty devil than that which shuts off this source of salvation from thousands of

Christians by means of the insane fear that affection and respect towards God's Mother is an insult to her Son.

"Here is my station. Gentlemen, I bid you good day." But, as the good Priest lifted his satchel from the rack, he could not refrain from a parting shot. "Some enlightened people seem to think that everyone has a right to a square deal except a Catholic. They will not charge another man with base crimes unless they have solid arguments to back their assertion; but, without even the ghost of a proof, they will call a Catholic idolatrous, superstitious, treasonable, Priest-ridden; and the Catholic is supposed to sit meek and silent and thank God that he is allowed to live. But sometimes he doesn't!" said Father Casey.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

Some friends may wish you free from care,
And others joy and wealth;
Some may wish you blessings rare,
Long life and perfect health;
Our wish for you is better far
Than others all have given,
That when you from this world depart,
Your soul may rest in heaven.

MOTHER, HELP!

As long as Our Lady lived on earth, next to the glory of God, her one concern was the relief of the distressed. And her life gives us clearest proof that her prayer will never be refused by God. The wedding-feast of Cana furnishes us with a beautiful illustration of this point. Just when the rejoicing had reached its height, the scanty supply of wine gave out. We may easily imagine the embarrassment and the confusion of the groom and his bride. Must they now bid all their friends depart; must they put an end to the merriment? However, Our Lady was there. The distress of the good people touched her deeply. She cannot stand by passively while others are afflicted. She straightway turns to her Son and begs Him to help them, even if it cost a miracle. No one has even asked her to do so, and yet she pleads with Our Lord, "They have no wine." Will she be heard with such a request?

Our Lord answers: "Woman, what is it to Me and to thee? My hour is not yet come." This sounds discouraging. It seems to be a blunt refusal. "This is a miracle. But miracles belong to the hour of My public ministry as teacher. Miracles are to be the proof of My divine commission as the teacher of mankind. But the hour of public ministry has not yet struck." How does she act now? Has her intercession proven fruitless this time?

See what follows. Our Lady was not disheartened. She acts as if conscious that all is granted, and confidently she bids the waiters, "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." Her prayer did not fail. For soon Jesus saith to them, "Fill the water-pots with water." And they filled them to the brim. Then all could taste and assure themselves of the miracle He had wrought. He had changed all the water into the best of wine. But notice also the force of Our Lady's intercession. Our Lord had said that His hour for miracles had not yet come. That hour was fixed by His Father's will, and could Our Saviour now oppose and overstep that will?

This only proves the point at issue. True, God had determined from all eternity that miracles should accompany the public ministry of His Son as the credentials of His office. Still God's will is enlightened by infinite wisdom which foresees the future with all its actual and possible contingencies and provides for all. So He foresees and arranges for the prayers of the just; so He foresees especially the prayers of Mary and provides for their hearing. And His wish to grant her prayers prevails. Thus St. Thomas explains our passage: "These words: 'My hour is not yet come,' clearly show that if any one else had made this petition it would surely have been refused; and only because it was Mary who was asking now, did He grant the request." No wonder that ever so many writers conclude: "Christ anticipated the hour of miracles, just to honor His Mother."

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

Thoughts of our Mother shall blend,
Prayers to our Mother ascend,
With the tremulous, odorous grace
Of each flower that fades 'neath her face
With the breath of each blossom that dies at her feet.

—M. E. Henry.

THE DINNER PARTY

A glorious morning ushered in the new day and I was not surprised when I saw Father Johnson coming along the lake front with his hands full of wild geraniums, trilliums, and maiden-hair fern. He had culled them from the little valley towards Kindie's Woods, where a great variety of wild flowers are to be found on account of the rich damp soil. A few moments later the Missionary, his face beaming from the exercise, jumped out of the little yellow boat and came up fanning himself with a large straw hat.

"We're just waiting to hear how that dinner party turned out," said Father Johnson.

The Missionary smiled, wiped his face with his handkerchief, adjusted his glasses, and began.

I.

If Grace and Uncle Stanhope had flattered themselves that the dinner was not to be a formal affair, they had certainly reckoned without their host. Marguerite was determined to put her best foot forward, and she had gotten out all her swellest and most beautiful things. When Marguerite was in the aristocratic Pierson home, she had assisted at many elegant dinners, luncheons, and receptions, and she certainly knew what was what.

The mahogany dining-room table had been lengthened to accommodate five persons, and was now covered with a most beautiful snow-white Dunfermline linen-damask table cloth, hand embroidered at the four corners in different flowers, with an embroidered center-piece of wild roses in a circle. Just in the center stood a fine jardiniere on its own mat containing a magnificent poinsettia in full bloom, around the base of which had been planted the airy lace-like fern called Baby's-breath, which trailed down on the table cloth. The napkins were of the finest, whitest linen, hem-stitched, with the letter S embroidered in pink and surrounded by a delicate wreath of smilax and holly. The china was all hand-painted, and represented choice bits of U. S. scenery taken from the shores of Lake George and the Patapsco River in Maryland between Elicott's City and the Relay Station. Uncle Stanhope said it was a downright shame to put potatoes and gravy on such beautiful pictures. This remark gave pleasure to Marguerite because it showed that the guests were taking notice. At each plate, in a row

like soldiers, stood four wine-glasses of cut glass, several silver knives, forks, and spoons for the different courses, and before each plate a cut-glass finger-bowl filled with clear water in which floated a large slice of lemon. Uncle Stanhope gasped when he saw that outlay, and he remarked afterwards that it reminded him of Dr. Mudd's alligator-case of surgical instruments. The other four were perfectly at home with all these gastronomical implements, and knew exactly for what each was intended, but Uncle Stanhope realized at once that it wasn't the same as eating mush and milk with a tablespoon, and that he would have to mind his p's and q's. But, of course, being, as he said, only a corduroyed farmer, he was unaccustomed to these receptions and banquets and worried himself very little whether one should sip from the side or point of a spoon. Hilda, the hired girl with a good-natured but very red face, who was devotedly attached to Marguerite, served the table.

The moment they took their seats, Miss Queen, as a declaration of her principles, immediately turned down the four wine-glasses. When Hilda served the sherry, the others took some, but Miss Queen asked for a glass of 'Adam's Ale.' Hilda looked blank.

"Just bring Miss Queen a glass of water," said Marguerite.

Now, they sat at table in this order. Marguerite and Karl sat at one side, their backs south towards the verandah. Opposite them sat Uncle Stanhope. Grace was glad because it gave him plenty of elbow-room. Miss Queen sat at the east end of the table, Marguerite to her left and Uncle Stanhope to her right. Grace occupied the west end, opposite Miss Queen, which put her at Karl's left and Uncle Stanhope's right. I really think Marguerite planned this dinner-party with a definite purpose and arranged things just that way. She saw that Miss Queen hadn't a ghost of a chance with Karl and she wished, as gently as possible, to disillusion her. She also knew that Uncle Stanhope was an old bachelor; so, she thought, she might get him interested in Miss Queen who was no longer so *very* young, Miss Queen in him, and give Karl a chance to exhibit some of his accomplishments before Grace. The whole plan was just like dangling a ball of yarn before a kitten.

"Yes, that's it," broke in Father Johnson, "every woman is a natural-born match-maker. When she's not making a match for herself, she's making a match for somebody else."

The oyster-cocktail was delicious, as the oysters had been specially

ordered from Mobile by Mr. Bloch, the Turners' caterer. Next came oxtail soup, and I'm sorry to say that out of the bewildering array of spoons, Uncle Stanhope selected the wrong one. He got hold of the ice-cream spoon, but I think no one noticed it.

"Don't flatter yourself," said Father Johnson, "they all noticed it. What don't they notice? These women have eyes like condors."

Had he only kept his left eye cocked in Miss Queen's direction, or his right in Grace's, or looked straight ahead at Marguerite, he would have been safe. But men are so stupid *sometimes*. Marguerite passed the turkey to Karl to carve. This he did in a most artistic manner, as he had made a special study of carving and often presided at Turner banquets. Dr. Mudd himself with his scalpel couldn't have struck the joints more unerringly. Grace was in admiration of the finesse with which he accomplished the task. And, Miss Queen, too, with that high-bred indifference, which looks at nothing, yet sees everything, was perfectly cognizant of the dexterity displayed by Karl and noted the immaculate white cuffs secured by a pair of gold link-buttons in the center of which gleamed a tiny ruby like a serpent's eye. The contrast between these and Uncle Stanhope's was marked, as his cuffs were a little frayed at the edges, and his buttons were of the old style and made out of a defunct cow's horn. But, you know, he was an old bachelor, and was not a member of the turnverein. Uncle Stanhope knew more about skinning a 'possum. Miss Queen, as well as Grace, also remarked Karl's strong, white, tapering fingers, which I believe are a mark of character.

"Huh!" grunted Father Johnson, whose hands were fat and chubby, and his fingers like dill-pickles.

Nothing could be more charming than the kindly feeling displayed by all, and there was a strain of subdued merriment felt yet not obtrusive, like the murmur of hidden running water in a grove. Uncle Stanhope who was made to grace a social circle, expanded under the genial influence, and there was no end to the amusement evoked by his quips, his pranks, and witticisms, and his running fire of remarks and comments about persons and things. Wit is the natural heritage of the Irishman, and Uncle Stanhope possessed a generous share. Thus, all went merrily 'as a marriage bell.' At last, Miss Queen, who was a member of the "Beauvoir Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy," remarked that the "Daughters" were collecting to put marble headstones on each grave of the Confederate dead in the cemetery at

Beauvoir. Uncle Stanhope went down into his pocket and drew forth a fat pocketbook, much the worse for wear, and extracting a twenty-dollar bill handed it to Miss Queen with these words:

"Please accept this for the good cause. I fought at the side of some of those comrades."

"You did?" exclaimed Miss Queen.

"Yes, indeed. Look at this," exhibiting a long jagged scar on his right cheek reaching from the corner of his mouth to his ear. "'Twas at the fight at Port Hudson. A piece of a shell came singing along and opened my face, but it killed two comrades just behind me, brave fellows and dear friends of mine, John Neville and Tom Jackson, both buried in your cemetery at Beauvoir. Green be the grass upon their graves and may the dew rest lightly upon them," and Uncle Stanhope reverently bowed his head.

Miss Queen looked at Uncle Stanhope and her eyes grew moist and tender.

"You shed your blood for the 'lost cause,'" she said softly.

The situation was becoming melodramatic when Marguerite broke in:

"Yes, Charlotte, you may put me down for ten dollars, but I don't keep my money with me as Mr. Moriarity does."

"And I'll give you a donation, too," said Karl.

"Where do I come in?" exclaimed Grace, "do you think I'm to be left out? No! Miss Queen, I'll give you ten dollars of my own money."

"Splendid," said Miss Queen, "I didn't expect such a landfall as this."

Miss Queen beamed with great good humor and became quite animated in her description of little events at the Infirmary and the doings and sayings of some of the old soldiers at Beauvoir. She also described a visit she had made to Winnie Davis and spoke of the charming personality of that 'first daughter of the Confederacy.' She also gave some of the precocious remarks of the children she used to teach. Oh! she thawed out considerably. No one had ever seen her so animated. And Uncle Stanhope became quite interested in her.

Now, Miss Queen possessed quite an aristocratic looking face, rather long and somewhat masculine in its lines. But these were softened by a beautiful, expressive mouth and fine teeth. Her nose was long and shapely and gave her quite an air of distinction. She had an

abundance of hair slightly streaked with gray scarcely noticeable. But, from her very childhood, there had grown above her right temple a wisp of snow-white hair, as though there were not enough coloring matter to go around. She generally arranged her hair with such skill and taste as to entirely conceal this wisp, and, at times, she even gave herself quite a girlish appearance.

"I don't believe in such deception," snorted Father Johnson. "Be what you are, say I. There would be fewer unhappy marriages if people were more honest."

"Marriage is a lottery," ventured the Missionary.

"Worse, it's a grab-bag," snapped Father Johnson.

But no amount of managing could obliterate the wrinkles between her eyes given her by the school-boys, nor the delicate crow's-feet which spread from the corners of her eyes. This particular evening, she had been singularly successful and her hair had been arranged quite tastefully and with real individuality. The dinner had progressed quite smoothly with the exception of a few little breaks by Uncle Stanhope. Once he caught himself conveying some mashed potatoes to his mouth with his knife. But, pshaw! trifles like that couldn't faze Uncle Stanhope. Hilda had just served some stuffed tomatoes and crisp, curly lettuce with delicate wafers. While making some remark or other, Miss Queen held a wafer poised in her long fingers showing to advantage a beautiful solitaire diamond ring, and her napkin slipped to the floor. Uncle Stanhope and she bent over simultaneously to pick up the napkin and their heads came together with an audible thump. When two monster ocean-liners (ocean grey-hounds they call them) collide, even when scarcely moving, the force of their impact is terrific. It's the immense weight and momentum. Both Uncle Stanhope and Miss Queen rose from the collision quite red in the face, he from the exertion (for he had turned his half century), she from sheer mortification and embarrassment. Uncle Stanhope had secured the napkin and now laughingly, with a courtly bow, presented it to Miss Queen, at the same time comically rubbing his poll. She glared savagely at him, and with reason, for, as usual, the woman had been the principal sufferer. The jolt of the collision had unfixed one of Miss Queen's major hair-pins which fell to the floor, thus releasing the large coil of hair above her right eye, where, up to this, it had drooped with such girlish grace. Both her hands shot up to the rescue but, horror of horrors! too late to prevent that white wisp of hair from standing out

in all its freakish prominence, something like the tuft of a turkey. And worse still, a large rat protruded from the opening.

"A real rat?" exclaimed Father Johnson excitedly.

"O no," I said, "you 'Innocent Abroad,' of course not. Don't you know what a rat is?"

The Missionary was chuckling with great amusement.

"Surely I do," replied Father Johnson, "a rodent with a tail like a file."

"O, I know," said I, "but I mean a lady's rat."

"No, I must confess," he replied, "that I do not. What is it?"

"Why," I said, "its a contrivance made of hair, elastic, distantly resembling a rat in outline, on which ladies roll their hair. Am I right?" to the Missionary.

"Yes," he said, "I think that would go."

Miss Queen made frantic efforts to cover up the damage, but not before Karl and Grace had both caught sight of it, and were trying to smother their amusement by looking fixedly into their plates. Marguerite was visibly annoyed and changed the conversation at once, to distract the attention of the others from Miss Queen. In this she succeeded, for, in a moment or so, Miss Queen had repaired the damage, at least in some degree, and things resumed their wonted course. Uncle Stanhope looked real repentant, but, I think, there was a ghost of a smile lurking in the corner of his eye. But you can never tell with these Irishmen. Now, Uncle Stanhope was afflicted with a slight throat trouble. I think they call it 'clergyman's sore throat.' It's a slight inflammation of the pharynx, and at times is very sensitive to certain things like salt or sugar or vinegar. Uncle Stanhope had learned this to his cost, when, on several occasions, a spasm had closed his wind-pipe.

"That's no joke," said Father Johnson. "I've had that once or twice. I surely thought I'd strangle."

Karl was telling a droll incident which had occurred at the store, something about an old colored man and a goose. All were enjoying it, listening and laughing. Uncle Stanhope enjoyed it more than anyone. While laughing he put a salted almond into his mouth. Instantly he began to cough and gasp for breath. He caught hold of the table and really he was beginning to get black in the face. Miss Queen, being a trained nurse, of course knew what to do in such emergencies. She jumped up and brought her right hand down into the center of

Uncle Stanhope's back with the force of a catapult. This she repeated again and again with such vehemence that Uncle Stanhope declared afterwards, that he believed she had a sinister intention, and anyway that he had as lief die of strangulation as concussion. Grace came to his rescue with a glass of water, and even Karl in the excitement had risen and was standing knife in one hand and fork in the other as if to carve another turkey.

"Why," said Uncle Stanhope when he had recovered his breath, "all I need now is the priest and the undertaker."

So it all ended in a laugh, but Uncle Stanhope was a little subdued after that, and Marguerite was thanking her stars that there would be no coroner's inquest in her dining room.

"Well, there's no telling how near he was to eternity," said Father Johnson solemnly.

The dessert and fruit had now been served and before Hilda brought out the ice-cream and angel-food Karl produced from an ice-tub a quart bottle of 'Mumm's Extra Dry,' which he opened with such ease as to excite the admiration of all, Miss Queen not excepted. He himself served this, and it was really exhilarating to see the transparent liquor bubbling constantly up through the slender handle of the cut-glass champagne goblets. When he came to Miss Queen, he said:

"Now, Miss Queen, come, top off the feast with a glass of champagne, and let us all drink to Mr. Moriarity's health."

Miss Queen shot a look of scorn at him.

"I would say in the words of Cassia, 'O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!'"

"And I," said Karl, "would reply in the words of Iago, 'come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it.'"

"Good, good!" exclaimed Uncle Stanhope, "but Mr. Schneiderhahn, why not finish it? 'And, good Lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.'"

Marguerite and Grace laughed, it was so apropos. Miss Queen reddened slightly, but she was not to be downed so easily. As quick as lightning she rejoined:

"Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil."

"Enough, enough!" laughed Karl, "'tis a wise man who knows when he's worsted."

"Goodness gracious!" said Grace, "one would think you were rehearsing for Othello."

Uncle Stanhope looked admiringly at Miss Queen, as much as to say: "Well, you're not a ninny-hammer anyway."

"Serve the coffee, Hilda," said Marguerite.

Hilda brought in a tray of 'café noir' in very small cups with a square lump of sugar on each saucer. Uncle Stanhope, who was used to a large, generous cup of strong, black coffee, Southern style, looked at the little toothful contemptuously. He had finished his champagne, and now, being a little thirsty after the dinner and the wine, what did he do, but take up the cut-glass finger bowl and drain it to the dregs, to the infinite horror of all, and was quietly chewing at the lemon, quite unconscious of the break he had made, or the consternation he had caused, when, mercifully, there was a clatter of footsteps on the verandah, the door flew open, and there stood Willie, panting and puffing:

"Uncle Stanhope, Uncle Stanhope, Big Ben's broke loose in the stable and he's kicking everything to pieces. If you don't hurry, I'm afraid he'll kill Billy Buttons."

Uncle Stanhope rose hurriedly with the words: "Big Ben! The rascal!" and in doing so he overturned his cup of coffee.

"O, my table cloth!" shrieked Marguerite.

Karl and Grace laughed; Miss Queen looked sympathetic; Hilda stood with open mouth; but the damage was done. Uncle Stanhope close on Willie's heels was clattering down the back steps.

"Where'll we get through?" said Uncle Stanhope.

"You'll have to climb the fence," said Willie, skinning over as nimbly as a squirrel.

"Moses!" exclaimed Uncle Stanhope.

But there was no help for it, and Big Ben's heels could be heard beating a terrific tattoo on the stable wall. With a huge effort (remember Uncle Stanhope was no longer a lightweight, and he had just taken a generous dinner), he got his right leg over the rail where Willie had broken off a few of the pickets and with a strong pull got himself to the perpendicular astride, but as he slid over to the other side there was the ominous sound of a rip, and on landing he found, with his fingers, an ugly hole about a foot long in his best trousers. Uncle Stanhope said nothing, but he thought volumes, as he trotted after Willie through the stable yard with his new vici-kids.

When he swung the stable door open, what a sight greeted his vision!

W. T. BOND, C. Ss. R.

In the June Liguorian: "Billy Buttons."

Just as there comes a warm sunbeam into every cottage window, so comes a love-beam of God's care and pity for every separate need.

—Hawthorne.

JANE IS DEAD

"Eva, why do you worry me like this? I tell you once for all I have no vocation to be a nun."

"But you told me a short time ago that Father Gorman assured you that you had a vocation. Didn't you?"

Briefly, the state of affairs was this. Eva Miller was certain—morally certain of course—that her sister Jane was being called by God to the convent; and she was equally certain that the tempter was being successful in his efforts to out-shout that call. Poor Jane! it was a pitiable sight to see her day after day sitting near the parlor window and disputing with her elder sister on this question of her vocation. The father and mother of the two took no more part in the dispute than to warn Jane that if she really felt called by God to the religious life, she had better not play 'hide-and-go-seek' with her vocation.

"It will hide on you once too often," said the sensible old father, "and somebody else will come along and find it and keep it, too."

Today, of all days, Jane made up her mind to put a stop to the whole affair. You have heard what she said to Eva and you have heard Eva's answer. There was silence for a while. Jane hoped that her sister would continue to speak and bring forward new arguments and thus crowd out, as it were, the bitter thoughts which the mention of Father Gorman had brought to her mind. But Eva was wiser. She knew well how Jane looked upon Father Gorman as an almost infallible guide and how she went to him with her every little trouble. But even this last arrow failed of the mark.

"Father Gorman was wrong," said Jane, after a while. "This time he made a mistake. He did not understand. I have no vocation to be a nun, that's all!"

Jane left the room before Eva could say another word. The latter buried her face in her hands and cried for the foolishness of her sister.

* * *

All this took place in New York City. A few weeks afterwards Jane Miller accepted a position as governess in a very wealthy family in the same city. The Millers, by the way, were of the ordinary laboring class—not very rich, nor very poor, either.

So, then, that was the end of Jane's grand vocation. Her sister Eva thought so, but Father Gorman would not believe it.

"Oh, no," he would say, "Jane is too sensible to be led astray. She is just fascinated, dazzled as it were, by the bright light of the world. She will soon see that it is only an artificial light that glares for a moment and then dies away. She will soon hurry back to the enjoyment of a truer and brighter light."

One year passed away, and then another; and poor Father Gorman's claims as a prophet still hung by a thread. Jane was as happy as a queen—too happy to lose time worrying over her supposed vocation to the convent. Not that she actually despised the thought, she merely looked upon it—whenever it came before her—as something not really belonging to her.

During the summer vacation of her second year as governess, Jane and the wealthy family—it were better to say the wealthy family and Jane—went to Atlantic City. Who can even begin to describe what pleasure the young Queen and her four little subjects enjoyed! Every day Jane would bring the little children down to the beach and play with them until they were almost too tired to walk. One day Jane noticed what fun the children were having throwing fistfuls of sand at a newspaper which had been cast from a boat not far out, and which was coming slowly on the top of the water towards shore. As soon as the paper came in she took it up and threw it far out again and the children vied with one another to see who hit the paper the most times. A second time the paper was washed on shore and Jane took it up to throw it out again. She glanced at it for a moment—and would you believe it? that glance decided her vocation and brought Father Gorman's prophecy true.

It was a Catholic newspaper and just what Jane read was an advertisement from the convent-school which she and her sister Eva had attended. This advertisement asked for a young girl who could speak

English and German, to teach in the convent-school. Now, it was her excellent knowledge of these two languages—among other qualifications—that had made easy Jane's entrance into the wealthy family in which she was governess.

"Here!" said Jane to herself—the paper still in her hand and the children pulling at her skirts—"if this isn't a call from God I'm greatly mistaken. It's surely for me. Perhaps it will be my last."

To make a long story short—Jane hurried home that day and told her mistress of her desire to enter the convent and the history connected therewith. The mistress not only did not oppose her, but supplied what Jane could not in the necessary expenses.

Everything was kept secret from those at home in New York, until one day a letter came from Jane—from the sisters' house of noviceship. The letter was to Eva Miller, and told the story of the newspaper and the prompt answer to the call. This letter gives too an explanation of the title of this story. It ended thus:

"So, my dearest sister, I hope you will forgive my past ingratitude when you hear that Jane is dead—to the world."

MICHAEL HENRY PATHE, C. Ss. R.

Those about to be married are bound in conscience to make the fact known to their pastor at least two weeks before the ceremony takes place. Otherwise the pastor must drop all his other urgent occupations in order to run to the Bishop for dispensations and permissions that would not have been necessary had he been notified in time. The pastor knows that it is useless to scold them; it is too late. But what must he think of such Catholics? He cannot look upon them as obedient children of the Church; he cannot even think that they are ladies and gentlemen, for ladies and gentlemen do not cause others unnecessary pain and inconvenience; ladies and gentlemen do not follow their own selfish interests so blindly as to forget the rights and the feelings of everyone else.

One "Rev." O. L. Spurgeon, while giving an obscene anti-Catholic lecture in Denver, said that it would not be wrong to take Priests out and kill them. The next night he was kidnaped, taken several miles out into the country, given a thrashing, and left to walk back to town. It was a mistake for him to teach that lawlessness is right, for it seems that some of his hearers believed him.

	Catholic Anecdotes	
--	---------------------------	--

HE HAS HEARD HOLY MASS

"The first frosts are taking down the leaves, and now we can see the squirrels. How about the woods tomorrow for an all day's hunt?"

"I am with you. What time shall we start?"

"At seven o'clock sharp."

"We can't do that; the first Mass begins at seven. Let us make it eight."

"Ah, Mass! We can get along without Mass one Sunday. In fact I manage to get along without it almost all the time."

"Well, I am going to Mass. So if you don't want to wait till eight o'clock, you can go without me, that's all."

"All right, then. Slip in a prayer for me, for I'll be snug in bed while you are at Mass."

At eight o'clock they shouldered their guns and set out for the woods. The day was sultry in spite of the frosts of the preceding week. They bagged squirrel after squirrel and were so engrossed in their sport that they did not notice the storm that was gathering until it burst upon them. They did not dare remain near the trunks of the trees for they saw more than one splintered by lightning. Suddenly over and above the din of the elements they heard a voice call:

"Strike!"

A blinding flash, a deafening crash, and the scoffer lay dead in the pouring rain. Once more the voice called:

"Strike!"

"I cannot strike," came the answer, "for he assisted today at the Sacrifice of the Mass, and Your Only-Begotten Son stays my hand."

AN INCIDENT FROM THE LIFE OF LEO XIII

An ancient road, winding between the mountains, leads from Carpineto, the birth-place of Leo XIII., to the neighboring town of Anagni. A young man and his tutor were driving along this road one day during the early part of the last century. In this part of the country the Italian shepherds build little sheds to protect themselves

from the sun and rain while watching their sheep. Our travellers saw, lying in one of these sheds, a poor boy covered with dust and weeping bitterly. He had reason to weep. One of his bare feet was bruised and torn, and blood was flowing freely from it. He held a pair of beads in his hand and prayed earnestly to our Lady of the Rosary to come to his aid. They stopped the carriage and learned that a brutal driver had accidentally struck him with his cart and thrown him to the ground, the wheel passing over his foot. But the man had driven on leaving the poor boy half conscious upon the road.

"I limped as far as this shed," added the boy when he had finished his narrative, "but my foot hurts so that I can go no further."

The young nobleman forced his way through the briars growing between the road and a small mountain stream near by. He filled his cap with water, gave the feverish boy a drink, then bathed the wounded foot and bandaged it as well as he could with a handkerchief.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

The little shepherd pointed to a village some distance away on the mountain side.

"But you cannot go there without help. You must come with me to Carpineto, and, after the doctor has attended to your foot, I shall take you home."

The boy's only answer was a smile of sincere gratitude as he was tenderly lifted into the carriage.

"Why, Joachim, what do you mean to do?" asked the astonished tutor.

"Nothing but what every Christian would do," replied the young man. "Could we abandon a suffering fellow-being on the public highway?"

"But what will your parents say?"

"What else can they possibly say but that I have acted rightly?"

The tutor smiled and laid his hand affectionately on his young pupil's arm, and the carriage drove on.

Joachim's mother was not a little surprised when she saw her son leading up the steps of the mansion a pale ragged boy who was limping badly, and whose tattered clothes were covered with dust and blood. But the moment she learned what had happened, she had the family physician summoned to care of the little sufferer. Joachim's eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"Mother, did I do right?" he asked.

"My child, you could not have done better." And this truly Christian mother pressed her charitable son to her heart.

Some hours later the same carriage stopped before the door of the little patient's lowly cabin. The young nobleman helped the boy into the house, reassured his mother, and gave her a substantial alms.

"Sir," she said, "I have no means of proving my gratitude towards you except my beads; them I will recite often and fervently for you. The beads which a poor widow says for you will bring you God's blessing."

This young man was Count Joachim Pecci, who later on became Leo XIII., the Pope of the Rosary.

—*Redemptorist Review of the Eucharistic Heart.*

SAVED ONE CENT ON EACH MATTRESS

The *Semaine Catholique* of Toulouse prints the following letter of a Mattress-Maker to the Pope.

"Most Holy Father:

Allow a poor woman, who secures her scanty livelihood by making mattresses, to offer you the tribute of her attachment to the Holy See. It is years ago since I began to save in order to make this gift; I succeeded in laying aside one cent from the pay I received for each mattress I made. I am now an old woman; the sum has grown to twenty dollars, and the happy day has arrived when I can lay it at the feet of Your Holiness. Holy Father, it is but little in comparison with all your needs, still you will deign to accept it for it proves how you are loved. Prostrate at your feet, I ask your blessing, and this blessing will sweeten my dying hour."

INTERMITTENT HEADACHES

"That beastly headache is getting worse every day," muttered George Ronan, as he threw his cap and overcoat on a chair and dropped into his favorite rocker. "I'm a fool for working so hard in that sweat shop of an office. But of course," he added, with a perceptible swelling of the chest, "Saturday night would look queer without my pay check, wouldn't it, mother?"

Mrs. Ronan cast a look of motherly pity on her son, and wearily gathered up his overcoat and cap and went back to the entrance hall to hang them up. She felt guilty to think how she had been on the verge of asking this poor, sick boy to carry up a few buckets of coal from the basement. But her heart troubled her more than usual today (it had been weak ever since she had had that breakdown after nursing George through the diphtheria when he was a child), and she knew from bitter experience that carrying coal up three flights of stairs would do it no good. But now she realized that it was her duty to wait on George rather than have him wait on her. She found that by filling the bucket only half full and making more trips she could manage the work, at least if she would take an occasional little rest on the landing. An hour later when she came into the sitting room to call George to supper, she was delighted to find that he appeared much better for he had finished the evening paper and was enjoying a cigarette and a novel. After doing justice to the splendid supper which his mother had prepared, he even felt well enough to stroll down to the gymnasium for a "chat with the boys."

At eleven o'clock that night Mrs. Ronan was still sewing buttons on George's clothes—she found it slow work stitching black cloth by gas light for her sight was not so good as it used to be. Between the stitches she murmured prayers for her boy who had to work so hard in spite of his delicate health. The good mother's fears would have been quieted had she overheard what one of the boys at the "Gym" was saying at that very moment:

"There's George Ronan boxing again. That's the sixth time that guy had the gloves on tonight. He doesn't know any more about the science than an elephant but he sure is some sticker, believe me!"

The violence of his headache must have abated considerably since his mother carried up the coal. Headaches are queer things anyway.

MARY-ANNE

Mary-Anne was not a beauty. The work and worry attendant on taking the place of her sick mother towards her unruly brothers and sisters had kept her freckled face too pinched and her big-boned form too spare. Too much soap suds and dish water prevented her hands

from comparing favorably with those of her sister Ellen, the stenographer. And late hours mending the children's clothes and early rising to get breakfast for father or brothers who had to go on the "road," had taken from her eyes that liquid brilliancy that still lingered in those of Miss Ellen, who, by virtue of her weekly fifteen dollar pay check, considered herself entitled to lie in bed until it was time to go to the office. Neither was Mary-Anne a witty conversationalist. She had, all her life long, been obliged to do too much listening, poor girl, to acquire the accomplishment. A low Mass every Sunday morning was almost the sum total of her travels abroad, for, even if she could be spared from the house, no one ever dreamed of suggesting that she should go out for pleasure or recreation. They all "knew that Mary-Anne didn't care for such things." Though, strange to say, on the one occasion when she did take an afternoon trip on the excursion boat in order to give her little sick brother an airing, there was not one passenger in all that vast crowd that derived such keen pleasure from the voyage as she. If the parlor where Miss Ellen entertained her gentleman friend three times a week, was not trim and spotless—woe to Mary-Anne! Richard Blake, who (there is no accounting for tastes) had taken a liking to Mary-Anne, was welcome once a week, provided he was content to come out in the living room where she was busy caring for her sick mother, sewing for the family, or helping her younger brothers and sisters in their lessons. Richard pressed his suit in vain until at length the financial prosperity of the family, the improved health of her mother, and the advice of her confessor, led her to consent. She promised to become his wife at the end of the following month. "The idea of a handsome man like Richard Blake, with a salary of two hundred a month, taking a skinny, freckled-faced old maid!" said the belles of the neighborhood. But wise grey heads, that knew Mary-Anne, thought within themselves, "The luckiest man in a dozen states is that same Richard Blake!"

When it is our lot to suffer pain, trials, or ill-treatment, let us turn our eyes upon what Our Lord suffered, which will instantly render our own sufferings sweet and supportable. However sharp our griefs may be, they will seem flowers in comparison with His thorns.

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

	Pointed Paragraphs	
--	---------------------------	--

TWO CLIPPINGS AND A MORAL

(*First clipping.*) Garwood, N. J., March 14.—Near the what-not in the front parlor of the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Clarke rested a little white casket. Over it was a profusion of flowers. About it was an atmosphere of sorrow. In it was the embalmed carcass of the Clarkes' pet cat. An inscription engraved on a silver plate in the casket read: "Here lies our dear Tommie. Born March 11, 1905. Died Feb. 19, 1914." Tommie's carcass will lie in state till Sunday morning when "funeral services" will be held.

(*Second clipping.*) New York, March 16.—Sick herself and dazed by the sudden death of her husband, a young mother with three little children was found without food or the means to get it. That she may not be alone in her trouble, her only relative, a young cousin, has gone to live with her, and, out of her meager wages, will contribute three dollars a month for a room.

(*Moral.*) So long as there are such occurrences as these to be recorded we shall continue to have a "Social Problem."

PRISON WARDEN McKENTY SPEAKS

"There are more stickup jobs (highway robberies) being done in this country now than ever before, and they are being done by mere youngsters. The kids are going out and trying imitations of the highway robberies they see in the moving picture shows. I'd have no quarrel with the movies if they told the truth, but the crooks in the moving picture films blow open a safe and take out stacks and stacks of \$100 bills and live in luxury ever after.

"That's not the real story. Any safe cracker will tell you that in nine cases out of ten he gets about \$5 in money—and a prison term.

"The older prisoners constantly tell me that young chaps who come in to us tried to imitate things they saw in the movies. This is the way scores of young chaps get their first sentence and thus their start in a criminal career."

YOU GET WHAT YOU CALL FOR

Have you ever been disappointed at finding so little Catholic news in the daily press? You seize upon the little squib that appears from time to time with all the avidity with which a hungry hen fishes out a grain of corn from a pile of straw. And your face beams with a smile of infantile delight if you find that there are no stupid blunders or gross misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine in the obscure paragraph. Why is Catholic news in the daily press rare, and *correct* Catholic news rarer? Is it because there is nothing of interest going on? Why, if non-Catholics had our grand processions, our imposing ceremonies, our edifying congresses, our orators, our heroes, and our scholars, the dailies would be filled with reports of them. Why this difference? Because non-Catholics *demand* that the press take notice of their public activity and give a *correct* version of it, while Catholics do not. Take the advice of Mr. Joseph Scott in the *Columbiad*. The next time an event of public interest takes place in Catholic circles, call up the editor of your paper and ask him why there is not a complete and correct account of it in his pages. If you all follow this advice you will very soon note a change of policy. Men of business give you what you call for.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

Year after year the appeal goes forth for our seminary collection, and the response is sometimes faint and weak. The people are crying for Priests. Sturdy, clear-headed, generous young men, the sons of honest working people (for of such the clergy of the land is mainly composed), are ready to devote their lives to the work. But often from sheer lack of means the Bishops cannot accept them.

Have we the faith of the good old days, when even the most indigent Catholics considered it a blessing to receive into their homes the "Poor Scholar" for the priesthood, and to send him on his way with a God-speed and a generous gift from their hard-earned store? Have we the faith of earnest souls (and there are more of them among us than we imagine, for they do their good in secret), who turn over to the seminary a certain sum that the interest thereon may be devoted to

the education of one Priest for all time to come? Have we the faith of those hard-working mothers, those self-sacrificing sisters, who stint and starve themselves that their son or their brother may one day stand at the altar, a Priest of God? If we had their faith we would realize that there is no better investment than to help in the education of a Priest, in whose daily Mass we would ever after have a share.

THE LITERACY TEST

Let us see; that literacy test in the immigration bill might prove its right to adoption—

If it would bar blackhanders.

If it would shut out white slavers.

If it would close the doors of America to crooks and sharpers.

If it would fence in America against advocates of dissension and unrest.

If it would keep out from our shores inpecunious fortune hunters who come to barter titles for girls and gold.

But would not all these classes pass the literacy test with ease while honest but unlettered labor would be kept from the shores where it is needed?—*New York Mail*.

I. W. W.

The members of the I. W. W. (International Workers of the World), an organization bitterly opposed to the American Federation of Labor, and pledged to introduce its own doctrines by armed insurrection, have been seeking to elicit pity on the plea of unemployment. But, unfortunately for their plans, they were offered employment. Not one in fifty accepted it; and thus the touching drama was spoiled. They forcibly entered a New York Catholic church during evening services and intended to spend the night there, sleeping, smoking, and exchanging ribald stories. Because they were ejected by the police, they composed and circulated a rabid song wherein they curse Almighty God, call Him a devil, and encourage one another to blow up His house, the church. The lines are too blasphemous to print. The distribution was stopped by the police.

It is one of the "signs of the times" that Eugene Debs and other leading socialists are identified with the I. W. W.

NEW YORK HAS ADVANCED WOMEN

Mrs. Wise, Secretary of the Women's Trade Union League, said: "I believe in voluntary motherhood, anyway. There are many persons better off without children. Many unmarried women, on the other hand, want children, and there ought to be an opportunity for the expression of their innate mother love."

Miss Jane Olcott, of the Suffrage Association, said: "Love is volatile, and when it goes, I believe it is immoral for man and wife even to appear to live together. . . . In that case each should be free to bestow love elsewhere by mutual agreement. . . . It is a terrible thing for mothers to have to be with their children twenty-four hours, seven days in the week."

We would add that it is a terrible thing for a child to be even one hour a year with such mothers.

CONSTANT DROPPING WEARS AWAY STONE

It pains the heart of the Priest to meet Catholics who seem to doubt the truth of some of God's most serious laws. The number of such Catholics is growing, and perhaps the principal cause of the growth among adults is the godless press. To give an example: In the city of Chicago there were nearly 5000 divorces granted in 1912. And yet a Chicago daily, and one of the least objectionable of the Chicago dailies at that, says, with cocksure positiveness, as though God's law had nothing whatsoever to do in the matter: "Whether or not we have too many divorces; whether or not stricter divorce laws should or can be passed in this state, are questions upon which earnest men and women have long differed and will continue to differ."

The first time an honest Catholic reads such a statement as this he is disgusted. But if he reads it day after day all his life, it is bound to leave some impression behind. May God hasten the day when we in this country will have our own great Catholic dailies as they have in Europe, and our people will no longer be obliged to feed upon such poison. We have rejected the godless school that was ruining our

children; shall we not find the will and the way to reject the godless press that is ruining our men and women? In the meantime let us provide an antidote against the poison by supplying ourselves with sound, healthy, Catholic literature.

TWELVE BRAVE MEN

We have twelve brave men here in America! This is evident from a fact that occurred in one of our towns April 1. These men are brave because they boldly attacked the jailer of a county jail who is a one-armed man and was all alone in the office. They are brave men for they all wore masks so that they could not afterwards be caught and punished. They are brave men for after they had securely bound the one-armed jailer they broke into a cell and dragged out a screaming *woman* and hanged her to a telephone pole.

Is it not high time for some of our patriotic Americans to suspend their indignant howls about the imaginary cruelty of the Popes of the middle ages and cast a look around their own back yards?

LONDON DIVORCE STATISTICS

London is alarmed to find an enormous increase in divorce for the year 1912. But London teaches a silent and powerful lesson when it gives the following statistics: "In nearly two-thirds of the total number of marriages concerned there was no offspring or only one child, while in only ten cases was there a large family." When marriage becomes nothing else than a cloak for lust, scant wonder that it is "changed as a cloak."

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
 Knowing not life's hidden force;
 Knowing not the fount of action
 Is less turbid at its source;
 Seeing not amid the evil,
 All the golden grains of good:
 Oh, we'd love each other better
 If we only understood!

—E. J. R.

VANITY,

"Young woman, attend more to beautifying the soul and less to adorning the body," says the preacher. That his warning is not altogether uncalled for appears from the fact that a sixteen-year-old girl of Saginaw, Michigan, committed suicide on account of complications arising from the loss of a chamois skin which she carried to school with her in her powder box.

NONSECTARIAN CHARITY VERSUS CATHOLIC CHARITY

Sometime ago we showed the enormous amount spent in officials' salaries, etc., in nonsectarian charitable organizations as compared with the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Little Sisters of the Poor, etc. The New York Sun for March 30, supplies strong proofs for our contention. Among other things it publishes a letter addressed to the nonsectarian "Charity Organization Society" of that city. "Will you pardon us for being so frank as to say that in our opinion and what we could see of the matter you are more organization by far than charity. . . . We have never seen such a dreadfully large proportion of administrative charges to do so little relief work. . . . [We have no use for] a clerk who takes the bounty that belongs to the poor, and who will bow and snivel to the patrons and snap and bark at those for whom the money you receive is intended."

Let Catholics give their charitable donations to those institutions that see in the poor the image of Christ, and that have no overhead expenses beyond the few cents required daily to feed the self-sacrificing men and women who have vowed to spend their lives in serving God's poor in poverty, chastity and obedience.

Trust Him when dark doubts assail thee,
Trust Him when thy strength is small;
Trust Him when to simply trust Him,
Seems the hardest thing of all.

Trust Him! He is ever faithful;
Trust Him! for His will is best;
Trust Him! for the Heart of Jesus
Is the only place of rest.

	Catholic Events	
--	------------------------	--

Maurice E. Finn, a wealthy California lawyer, is now a postulant in the Franciscan Monastery at Paterson, N. J., and will enter the noviciate with the expressed intention of becoming a Priest.—*Southern Messenger* (San Antonio).

* * *

Father Cornelius Vugts, a self-sacrificing Missionary who is trying to save the little Philippino children from losing the faith in the godless schools that are springing up like mushrooms there, says that he is in great difficulties, and unless some benefactor comes forward he will be obliged to close his Catholic school. Any donations sent to the Catholic Church Extension Society, 1133 McCormack building, Chicago, will be forwarded to him.

* * *

During the coming summer the Sisters' College will hold summer sessions both in Washington and Dubuque. A detailed program will be mailed on application to the Registrar of the Sisters' College, Brookland, D. C.—*Western World*, (*Des Moines*).

* * *

A Catholic Medical Ethical Society has been formed to give Student Doctors an insight into the Catholic doctrine on things medical. The first meeting was held at Loyola College, Baltimore. Students to the number of seventy-five have already joined from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, John Hopkins, and the University of Maryland.

* * *

Brother Patrick McMahon, a Redemptorist Lay Brother of the St. Louis province, passed to his reward March 18, after living eighteen years in the Order. May he rest in peace.

* * *

The prisoners of the United States Penitentiary of Leavenworth, have sent a letter to Sister M. Celestia, of the Sisters of Charity, thanking her for all she has done for them, especially for founding a branch of the Holy Name Society in the prison.

* * *

A Belfast Protestant writes: "I have lived in Catholic Mayo and Catholic Donegal and Protestant Belfast An Orangeman may live undisturbed on the wildest coast in Connaught entirely surrounded by Catholics, without hurt or harm. I have seen workmen in Belfast, in a time of no political disturbance, carried home bleeding from the shipyards merely because they were Catholics. Protestants had suddenly set upon them for no other cause than that."

So this is the "Liberty" they fear losing by the passage of Home Rule.

* * *

In Enid, Oklahoma, some time ago four Catholic young women, teachers in the public schools, were dismissed on account of their religion as the superintendent stated. All of them have been reinstated

in their positions, following an indignation meeting held by the citizens at which the bigotry shown by the school board was emphatically condemned.—*Morning Star*.

* * *

There was a wreck on the Omaha Railroad near Mendota, Minn., recently, and a Presentation Nun led the work of rescue and relief until help arrived from St. Paul.

* * *

The Catholic Federation of Catholic Societies of St. Louis, has shown what earnest Catholics can do for clean morals. During the past month the Federation has done much to promote an intelligent censorship of moving picture films in the city, it has secured the assurance that theatre posters will be submitted to its judges, it has brought about the destruction or confiscation of 6,500 objectionable blotters, 22,936 cards, and 500 pictures.

* * *

A bill empowering assigning a fat salary to ward politicians for "inspecting convents" is now before the State Legislature of Mississippi. These viper bills are springing up everywhere; honest men will be kept busy crushing the pests.

* * *

The Rev. John H. Hickey, a Redemptorist Missionary well known in Canada and the eastern States, died at Ilchester, Md., March 23. May he rest in peace.

* * *

The other day a lady teacher in an Indian government school expressed deep pity for the children who were so ignorant as to believe in Jesus Christ.

* * *

On March 17, twelve Franciscan Sisters of various nationalities sailed for Naples to establish, at the request of the government, a leper colony on an island off the coast of Ceylon.

* * *

The Holland Bank on Wall Street has failed. Among those who had money invested in it are: J. Pierpont Morgan, W. K. Vanderbilt, W. H. Butler, and *Morris Hillquit, the noted Socialist!* Denouncing "Bloated Capitalists" seems to be a paying business—it helps you to become one yourself.

* * *

News from Rome states that it is almost certain that a Consistory will be held and some fourteen new Cardinals created about the first of May.

* * *

The following amendment to the Constitution has been proposed in Congress by Hon. Jos. E. Ransdell: "Absolute divorce with the right to remarry shall not be permitted in the United States or in any place within their jurisdiction." Every Catholic in the country should agitate until this amendment is adopted.

We are to have two new dioceses, one at Spokane, Wash., with Right Rev. A. F. Schinner as Bishop, the other at El Paso, Texas. The Bishop has not yet been appointed.

* * * * *

Rev. Michael J. Curley, S. T. L., has been named for the Bishopric of St. Augustine, Florida.

* * * * *

On the initiative of Bishop Muldoon, the Illinois Knights of Columbus are founding a Catholic Home-Finding Association to provide homes for homeless children and children for childless homes.—*Catholic Register (Kansas City)*.

* * * * *

Senator Works of California, in a lecture delivered in Washington, declared that the daily press of this country is one of the greatest menaces to the common welfare. By its lurid portrayal of crime, its untruthfulness, its support of false doctrines on morality, it becomes a power for evil while it could and should be a power for good.

* * * * *

Luther B. Wilson, Methodist Episcopal Bishop of New York, urges his people to imitate Catholics and lift their hats when they pass a church. And yet there are Catholics who are ashamed of this time honored custom.

* * *

A count was taken of the Protestants who attended church in Berlin, Sunday, Feb. 22, and, at the highest estimate, it was admitted by the Ministers themselves to be only 42,200. Since there are 2,060,000 Protestants in the city this means that barely 20 out of every 1,000 went to church.

* * *

Every year on Laetare Sunday the University of Notre Dame bestows a medal upon some American lay Catholic in appreciation of extraordinary merits in promoting arts, letters, science, religion, or civilization. This year it was bestowed upon Chief Justice White. Some of those who have received it in former years are: Mrs. Sadlier, novelist; Augustin Daly, theatrical manager; Thomas Emmett, physician; Bourke Cockran, philanthropist; Maurice Francis Egan, diplomat; Agnes Repplier, author; Patrick Hickey, editor; Patrick Keely, architect.

* * *

Thomas Jefferson Casey, founder, editor, and publisher of the *Catholic Register (Kansas City)*, died March 10. His life may be summarized in these three quotations from his paper: "Not in his entire married life did he spend as much as ten dollars for the pleasures of this world unless Mother or the children were along to help him enjoy them." "One time, when his finances were at the lowest ebb, he walked over two miles to save a nickel and at the end of his walk gave the nickel to a beggar who asked him for help." "'Paste the Declaration of Independence in the back of your Bible, and never part with either,' was the advice he gave his boys when they went out into the world." May he rest in peace.

	The Liguorian Question Box	
--	-----------------------------------	--

(Address all Questions to Rev. P. Geiermann, C. Ss. R., Oconomowoc, Wis.)

Is grace always sufficient to control our choice of right or wrong?

That all depends on our willingness to do the right and to avoid the wrong. God gives every one the grace to pray. If we perform our daily prayers faithfully, and sincerely desire to please God, He will give us the grace to see the right and the desire to do it. As soon as we freely act in accordance with this impulse the accompanying grace will always be sufficient to enable us to do the right and avoid the wrong.

Does a mortal sin habitually committed become less grievous?

There are two peculiarities about any habit deliberately contracted: it always increases the facility of action, and it may lessen the advertence of the mind to the individual acts. Hence, when mortal sin is habitually committed with full advertence, the habit increases the malice. But when committed merely from force of habit, the habit makes the actual sin less voluntary in proportion as it committed with less advertence. As long as the sinner does not try to break the habit of sin, however, each individual sin remains grievous because it was consented to by deliberately contracting the bad habit.

Did Adam and Eve violate the Sixth Commandment by eating "the forbidden fruit"?

They did not. How could they when they were alone on earth and had the commandment to "increase and multiply"? Adam and Eve literally ate the fruit of a tree that grew in the garden of paradise, of which God had commanded them not to eat.

What is the meaning of the saying "Every man has at least one chance of salvation."

It means that God gives every person at least one opportunity to perceive the light of His truth and to do His holy will. This much His infinite perfection requires of God. But His goodness, love, and mercy prompt Him to do more. The goodness that prompted God to plan and create the world impels Him to do all He can in accord-

ance with His plan, when not hampered by the perverse will of His creatures, to bring it to perfection. The love of God for man prompts Him to seek to save man from the misery of ignorance and vice. And the mercy of God, which is above all His works, makes Him ingenious in offering this opportunity again and again to the wayward soul. On one occasion Providence uses a trivial incident of daily life, such as the unexpected meeting of a person, the hearing of a remark, and the like, to give the sinner an inclination to reflect on his own life. On another occasion Providence uses some severe affliction, even as a parent might chastise a wayward child, to make the sinner realize his peril before it is too late. This special dispensation of divine Providence is always accompanied by the light and allurements of grace. As soon as the soul hearkens to the invitation of grace and makes use of the favorable opportunity to turn to God in prayer, God will multiply the opportunities and add grace to grace. In fact, St. Thomas assures us that God is so solicitous about the salvation of mankind, that He would not hesitate to send an angel if necessary to conduct a soul of good will to eternal salvation.

Is it a sin to sing love songs?

It is sometimes difficult to answer a general question without first making a few distinctions, for some things that are innocent in themselves lose that innocence when clothed in concrete circumstances. A love song in itself is innocent, but, when it contains ideas contrary to Catholic faith or morals, it becomes vicious. When it presents only an innocent sentiment there is no sin in singing it at an appropriate time and in an appropriate place, provided it does not give rise to immodest thoughts and desires.

Why is St. Joseph called the patron of a happy death?

St. Joseph is appropriately invoked as the patron of a happy death because he had the inestimable privilege of the presence of Jesus and Mary at his deathbed and breathed forth his pure soul while reclining in their arms.

May I wear a low-cut dress without sleeves?

It has unfortunately become the custom among women of the world—who have little or nothing in common with Christ—to adopt the latest fashions in dress no matter how startling or suggestive they may be. Sensible, modest, and pious women, however, still have their own ideals and live up to them. The very fact that you ask this question is an evidence that you belong to one of these three classes and do not adapt your moral standards to the latest fashion of the modiste. The style you mention is surely not the ideal for a loving child of God.

Would it be a sin to leave church before the prayers have been recited after Mass?

Besides causing disturbance and giving disedification it would be a venial sin of irreverence to do so without cause.

Had Eve alone sinned, would all human beings have been born with the stain of original sin? How if Adam alone had sinned?

"By one man sin entered into the world," says St. Paul, "and by sin death." (Rom. 5, 12.) As the head of the human race Adam alone was the custodian of the gifts of God intended for the race. By his personal fidelity he would have transmitted them to his descendants even if Eve had sinned, and by his personal infidelity he would have lost them for the whole human race even if Eve had not sinned.

How can we accept the union of soul and body when one is a spirit, the other matter?

There is nothing intrinsic either to spirit or to matter that would prevent God from uniting them to constitute a human person. On the contrary we have the testimony of consciousness, observation, and faith that we are composed of spirit and matter.

If faith is a gift of God, why has He withheld it from some?

Rather ask if faith is so precious, why are some so preoccupied with the vanities of life that they ignore the gifts which God offers them? In His wise Providence God finds an opportunity to offer the gift of faith and the means of salvation to every soul He creates. There are three causes that prevent some persons from accepting the gifts of God, and others from pro-

fitting by them. They are: original sin, the sins of ancestors, and the personal sins of all of bad will. All of good will will reflect seriously on the problem of life. This practice will inspire them with the fear of the Lord. This in turn will prompt them to mistrust themselves and to call to God for light and guidance. And prayer will give God the opportunity of bestowing the gift of faith and every other grace conducive to their salvation upon them.

How is an act of faith a free act?

Just like any other deliberate act. Faith in no way deprives man of his liberty. It enables him to look at life from God's standpoint and to give a reasonable assent to all that He, the Eternal Truth, points out.

Can a character that adapts itself to the moods of others be sincere?

Why not? Sincerity does not necessarily imply aloofness or antagonism. St. Paul says: "I became all things to all men, that I might save all." (I. Cor. 9, 22.)

Can the words, "Many are called, but few are chosen" be applied to the Church or to the Religious State?

We certainly may apply them to either to stimulate our good will in the service of God, as long as we do not assert that this was the sense in which our Savior used them. He seems rather to indicate the proportion of the faithful who are lost through their perverse will in the parable of the marriage feast for the king's son. He tells us there that the servants searched the highways and the byways of the kingdom and extended an invitation to every one, and that of those who accepted only one appeared without a wedding garment. From this we may conclude that, from among those who make a systematic effort to serve God faithfully, hardly one in a thousand will be lost.

Have I any right to urge my help to frequent the sacraments?

If you have servants it is not only your right but also your duty to give them the opportunity and to urge them to practise their religion. Sometimes Catholic employers are more thoughtless or less considerate in this matter than their non-Catholic neighbors. If we have not the zeal of the Apostles we should at least be solicitous that those of our own household profit by the blessings of our holy faith.

	Some Good Books	
--	------------------------	--

Mariology. A dogmatic treatise on the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, with an appendix on the worship of the Saints, Relics, and Images. By the Rev. J. Pohle. The English Version is based on the fifth German Edition, with some abridgement and added references by Arthur Preuss. For the ordinary class of our readers we cannot recommend a better book on our Lady than St. Alphonsus' beautiful work on The Glories of Mary. But there are some who desire more set treatises; for such, *Mariology* will be a welcome book. This is the sixth volume of Mr. Preuss' translation of Father Pohle's most estimable Dogmatic Theology. It is complete in itself, treating first the Divine Motherhood of Mary considered as the source of all her prerogatives and then the prerogatives themselves. The book is published by B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis. Price, \$1.00.

For boys who love adventure Mr. Geo. Barton's book: *In Quest of the Golden Chest* will be read with great interest. It is the adventure of Captain Hawkins and his sailor boys in quest of an uncle's treasure. The religious element is not too obtrusive, but finely interwoven in the narrative. Published by Benziger Bros.

In days when such a class of people as The Guardians of Liberty and their ilk are received with honor in the land, a work like Father A. Vermeersch's, S. J., *Tolerance*, is very welcome. It is becoming a habit with many to feel that Catholics must accept any dirty insult at the hands of their neighbor. And it matters little how often the insult has been repelled. The present volume shows that "The true Catholic is not the reactionary that he is represented to be. Unlike the principles of their opponents, Catholic principles contain nothing suggestive of tyranny or persecution, nothing which need alarm the most convinced advocate of reasonable liberty." The book is put into good English by W. H. Page and is published by Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.92.

It is a much needed, and a long waited for, work that Sands are now publishing. We have Church Histories

done up in compact form but that is their drawback. They try to crowd all possible events into a compass of a thousand pages and leave us not a picture but a chronicle of facts. Others we have who seem to fear their Catholic instincts and hesitate to in any way refer to the all guiding Providence ever present in the Church. From our reading of the advance sheets we are pleased to know that the two great desiderata are present in *The Story of the Catholic Church*, by Rev. Geo. Stebbing, C. Ss. R. Facts are not struttred out to march before us in single file, but are rather marshalled as an army and present a panorama of the period to which they belong. And what is not less estimable is the thorough Catholic spirit in which the picture is portrayed. The book is promised for early fall and will be had from B. Herder in America.

We have seen the first issue of the new magazine published by the Jesuit Fathers of St. Louis. It is called "*The Queen's Work*," and is "to be the expression here in America of a great international movement which is making itself felt throughout the worldwide Sodality of the Blessed Virgin." We gather from the introductory articles that this work is the lay apostolate in every phase and form. Hence *The Queen's Work* is a Magazine of Catholic Activities, "The Official Organ of the Sodality in America."

We have received from the Mission Church Press of Boston, Mass., several pamphlets which will furnish fine reading for the month: *How Character is Formed*, by Canon Sheehan; *The Blessed Eucharist*, Rev. Jas. O'Dwyer, S. J.; *Daily Communion*, Rev. H. Lucas, and *The History of Daily Communion*, by Rev. T. B. Scannell, D. D.; *The Sacrifice of the Mass*, by Rev. Dean Phelan; *The Lamp of the Sanctuary*, A Story by Card. Wiseman; *Reapers for the Harvest*, by Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. Ss. R.; *Little Nellie of Holy God*, by an Irish pastor, and *Calvary's Keepsake*, a history of the true Cross. Any of the above pamphlets can be had from the Mission Church Press, St. Alphonsus St., Boston, Mass.

	Lucid Intervals	
--	------------------------	--

"Why is a pancake like the sun?"
 "Because," said the Swede, "it rises out of der yeast and it sets behind der vest."

The archbishop of Canterbury was going in with a number of other clergymen to luncheon after some great ecclesiastical function, when an unctuous dignitary observed, "Now to put a bridle on our appetites!"

Quick as lightning the Archbishop retorted: "Say, rather, now to put a bit between your teeth."

A young theologian named Fiddle

Refused to accept his degree;

"For," said he, "'tis enough to be Fiddle,

Without being Fiddle D. D."

"Did you hear about the man who died and left everything he had to the city orphan asylum?"

"No. How much did he leave?"

"Twelve orphans."

A boy looking for something to do saw the sign "Boy Wanted" hanging outside of a store in New York. He picked up the sign and entered the store.

The proprietor met him. "What did you bring that sign in here for?" asked the storekeeper.

"You won't need it any more," said the boy cheerfully. "I'm going to take the job."

A middle-aged colored woman in a Georgia village, hearing a commotion in a neighbor's cabin, looked in at the door. On the floor lay a small boy writhing in great distress while his mother bent solicitously over him.

"What-all's de matter wif de chile?" asked the visitor sympathetically.

"I spec's hit's too much watermillion," responded the mother.

"Ho! go 'long wif you," protested the visitor scornfully. "Dey cyan't never be too much watermillion. Hit mus' be dere ain't enough boy."

Two hard citizens were standing in a secluded spot talking confidentially. One of them suddenly sneaked away

while the other stood on guard. Soon the first one was seen to emerge from a window and join his pal.

"Did youse git anyt'ing?" whispered the one in waiting.

"Naw, de guy what lives in dere is a lawyer," growled the other.

"Dat's hard luck," said his pal. "Did youse lose anyt'ing?"

"De trouble wid me and muh wife," admitted old Brother Gaumpers, "am dat, w'ile we 'gree mos' of de time, we don't 'gree at de same time. I kin 'gree 'bout anything, an' she kin 'gree 'bout anything, but we kaint 'gree wid each odder 'bout it. When I'm willin' to 'gree wid her she won't 'gree wid me, an' when she is ready to 'gree wid me. I've changed muh min' an' kaint 'gree wid her. We kin bofe 'gree separate, but we kaint 'gree togedder on de same thing at de same time, and de mo' we tries, de wuss we gets."

Aunt Lindy had brought around her three grand-children for her mistress to see. The three little darkies, in calico smocks, stood squirming in line, while Lindy proudly surveyed them.

"What are their names, Lindy?" her mistress asked.

"Dey's named after flowers, ma'am. Ah name' 'em. De bigges' one's name' Gladiola. De nex' one, she name' Heliotrope."

"Those are very pretty," her mistress said. "What is the littlest one named?"

"She name' Artuhficial, ma'am."

During a revival service at a colored Baptist church enthusiasm and spiritual fervor were at high tide.

"Eberybody dat wants to go to Heben stan' up!" shouted the exhorter.

With one accord every negro in the church except one leaped to his feet. The preacher singled out the recalcitrant for spiritual admonition.

"Looka heah," he began, "does Ah undastan' dat yo' wants to go to Hell?"

"No, sah," explained the backslider; "but Ah done been baptized in de Mefodis' church."

"Lan' sakes, man," corrected the minister, "yo' ain't been baptized; youse jes' be'n dry-cleaned."